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Puck

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A DISMAL OUTLOOK.

MRS. STERN.—Why don't you brace up and be a man and take the place in society to which you are entitled?
LANGUID LANNIGAN (*yawning*).—Aw! Ping-pong is sich a bore, don't yer know!



BALLADE OF FUTURE LOVES.

THERE ARE some loves that fade away
As soon as they come near;
There are some loves that last to-day,
To-morrow — disappear!
Some bide — well, may be for a year;
And some — Alas! Dear me!
Live not an hour; but, Oh! Take
cheer, —
There still are loves to be!

And there are loves both grave and gay,
Loves full of foolish fear;
And loves all tenderness, I say,
Whose passing brings a tear.
Take heart! Tho' Autumn brown
and sere
Creeps onward silently,
Spring comes again with blossoms
dear, —
There still are loves to be!

Love, love each hour! Where'er
you stray,
Catch some new damsel's ear;
And if she's frivolous — (she
may
Be that, young bucaneer) —
Try new maids when the coast
is clear;
And if they're false to thee,
Upon thy lips let smiles
appear, —
There still are loves to be!

L'ENVOI.

Ye maidens who make sad and drear
The hearts ye hold in fee,
Be not too sure *all* hearts ye steer, —
There still are loves to be!

Charles Hanson Towne.

AN ARGUMENT.

"Can't you work in the game of Ping-pong in that historical novel you're writing?" inquired his friend.

"But it would be an anachronism!" said the author.

"I know; but it's hard to write a historical novel without *some* anachronisms, and Ping-pong is an anachronism that would pay!"

THOSE LEARNED GRADUATION ESSAYS.

"Each Spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons, at a college commencement, I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley-car conductor is a college graduate, and that the clerk at the corner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings!"

COURAGE.

"She was not accounted successful, then?"

"No; it takes something besides physical courage to make a successful missionary."

"Do you mean to intimate that she lacks moral courage?"

"Well, it looks that way. After being abducted and ransomed, she actually let certain old-fashioned Puritan notions stand in the way of her signing conflicting contracts with different lyceum bureaus. Result: There is no litigation, she has to pay for all her advertising, and her lecture tour is a flat financial failure!"

THE PECULIARITY of the bolo and the machete seems to be the extreme difficulty of making them into ploughshares.

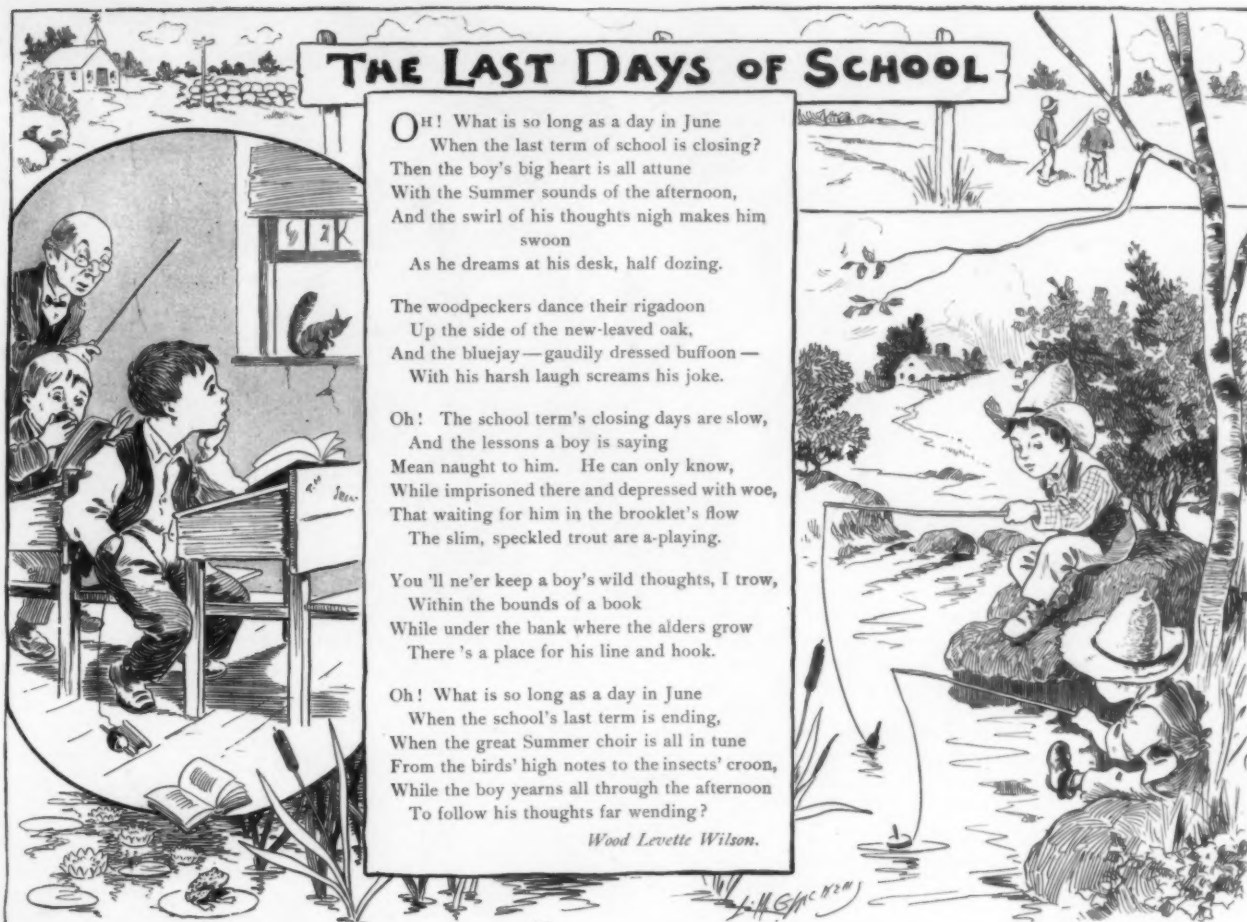


A CAUTIOUS MAN.

FARMER GREEN. — I 'm a-goin' tew send this here letter: tew my son Reuben on the same train yew 're a-goin' on, Mrs Huskinby, an' I wisht yew 'd dew me a favor.

MRS. HUSKINBY. — Certainly, Jason. What is it?

FARMER GREEN. — After yew git down the track a piece, ask the conductor tew keep his eye on it, 'cause there 's a two-dollar bill in it.



HE WAS BORN TOO SOON.

Uncle Otis landed at Back Bay Station, Boston. His niece met him with an automobile and that curious bevel-edged dignity which the Bostonian who has n't lived in the town but one generation exhibits to visitors from regions slightly more rural than Boston.

Uncle Otis regaled himself with peppermints during the ride to the residence of his niece. He took quinine for his chill after the family had greeted him. When they showed him his room he toyed with the push buttons. The servants came up in detachments. He roused 'em all save the 'steenth maid and the third butler. The 'steenth maid was buried in Aristophanes, and the third butler was conducting experiments with *spiritus frumenti* in the Chauffeur's laboratory.

At dinner a proud male serving person did duty behind Uncle Otis's chair. He ought to have done time behind the bars. Uncle Otis nearly starved. Beans were the only familiar thing he saw, and the proud person put them on his plate with an iceberg smile which lacked but very, very little of annoying Uncle Otis.

The conversation at table, however, was food for the gods. It was conducted wholly in Bostonese. Ibsen's plays were brought to the fore. Uncle Otis mentioned the ice scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin when he

got the drift. Then they hounded him to the rear with Browning, Plato, Woman Suffrage and Ethical Status.

Uncle Otis went to bed early and rose at five in the morning. Breakfast was announced at eight-thirty. If his relatives had been observing they would have seen plainly that Uncle Otis was dying as he sat down under the awful presence of the proud serving person. He was famished, mad and desperate. He revived a trifle after his fourth cup of coffee, and asked for a doughnut. They sent out for

a dozen and presented him with the bag to take to his room.

The day passed. Uncle Otis never knew how. After the ordeal of luncheon he sneaked out to see if he could buy some cider anywhere; he brought up at a burlesque show. He described the performance at dinner. That is, he told two jokes and the title of a song; whereupon they all talked Golf.

Uncle Otis shut up.

He withdrew from the residence of his niece at dawn the next day and sprinted for the station.

When he felt the solid earth under him, as he stepped off the train at Squashville, Uncle Otis said:

"Gosh!!!"

That 's all.

Fred. Ladd.



DIALECT.

THE FOX TERRIER.—What a curious bark that new dog has!

THE PUG.—Yes; it is rather broad—he's a Scotch Terrier, you know!

IT WILL be seen at a glance that the eagle's mouth is fitted for screaming rather than for licking revenue stamps.

THE HANDBANGERS.



READERS of the rich literature of the past will not have forgotten that it was formerly a common experience for an ill-starred man sitting joyous at a banquet, thinking his convives boon companions, to discover upon some sudden hap that he was seated with a company of Ghouls. The gulf between Ghouls and Humans being wide and the distinction vivid, the man usually gave the matter some thought, and judged from the electricity in his hair that his surroundings were uncongenial and even antipathetic. For this I do not blame him.

It is the same to-day at the theatre. At the first of the evening the spectator may imagine that he is surrounded by his fellow-men, or at least by his congeners, and yet when the test comes and something appears upon the stage that bores him beyond words, or that he despises from the bottom of his heart, straightway volleys of applause from every tier of seats show that he is in the company of the Handbangers.

Who are these Handbangers and why do they do this wrong?

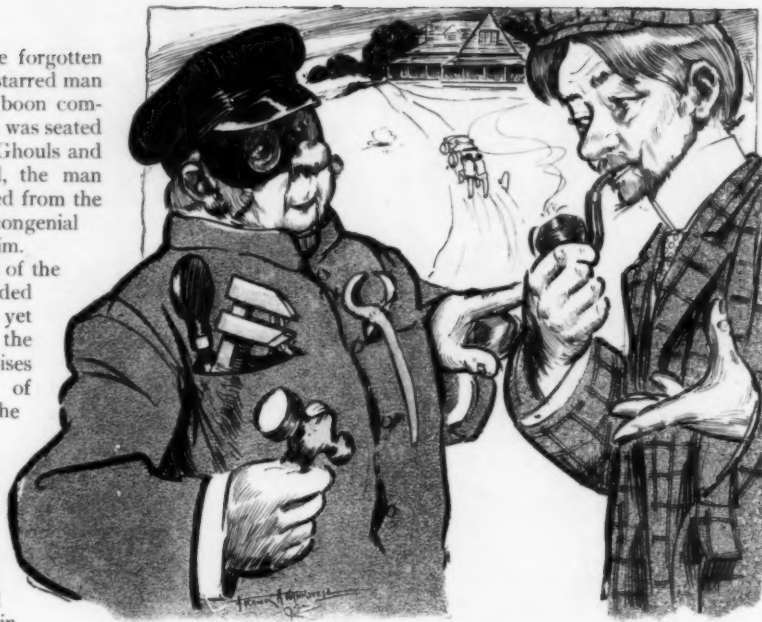
Would that some skilled biologist would go far back into the past and determine what first gave these strange beings the slant and bias which now causes them to bang their hands at the wrong things.

I am not a biologist, but my theory is that ages and ages ago these creatures, running wild in the forest (and in the undeveloped state in which they have since remained), had an instinctive habit of beating their hands together to frighten away their enemies, and that they now continue this action though it no longer serves its good purpose. The reader will recall several species of animals in which an instinctive action once useful has outlasted its occasion, and even continued after it became a positive harm. I do not recall these animals myself, but, no doubt, they exist. In the science of biology some animal exists to illustrate every theory.

Now, undoubtedly, in the remote past of which I speak one of the most dreaded enemies of the Handbangers was the white auk, which harassed them greatly with its uncouth graceless ways and its distressing cries. It appears certain from the present habits and habitat of the Handbangers that their ancient ancestors used to sit around in amphitheatres of rocks on the seashore, and that when the white auk appeared upon the sands and lifted up its voice they were put in great perturbation and alarm and banged their hands together like the very Old Ned. Such is the conclusion of science.

What is the result?

The result is that when the fat soprano, with her awkward ways and distressing cries, comes upon the stage these atavistic beings, perched around the amphitheatre, beat their hands together like the very Old Ned. What is the result? The result is that the fat soprano comes right out again.



AN IMPROVEMENT.

"Want to buy a second-hand 'auto' that's only been used a week?"
 "Good as new?"
 "Better—everything breakable about it has broke!"

THE WORM TURNED.



I.



II.



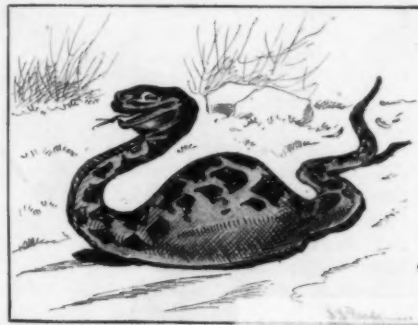
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

What is the result? The result is that she repeats her awkward movements and again utters her distressing cries. And thereupon the Handbangers again raise their ancient clamor.

I often swear I will never again go to the theatre; but we Angola Saxons are the fiend for adventure, and I keep going. Every time I go I see the fat soprano. She is forty years old and one story high, and she wears a white gown. Without the white gown she could not vividly reproduce the scene on the old Devonian seashore and agitate the Handbangers. She makes three gestures of despair, supplication and strangulation, which are taught as choice trade secrets in the schools of song, and sings a

love song which with different words and suitable music would probably be a song of love. She sings and sings and sings. You would not suppose it would take a person so long to sing. When she hits the last note, which is required by the schools of song to be her highest and worst, and which she accomplishes in a painful manner by

PUCK

shutting the damper in her neck, she attempts to retire. What makes the proceeding bitterer is the insincere manner in which she does this. She goes only to the wings, where we see her lovely form half-concealed like a whitewashed rainwater barrel around the corner of the old homestead. The Handbangers now do their deadliest. Their old instinct makes them suppose that they have got her on the run, and they raise perfect Cain. They do not foresee it, of course, but this brings her right back again. She begins on her despair or supplication or strangulation, whichever comes first, and we have no assurance she will not return eight times.

The only sane enjoyment that a person can take at the theatre is in hoping that the next thing will not be quite so bad. The Handbangers defer this hope until it maketh the heart sick. They bang their hands when the unintellectual gentleman in the dress-suit rolls the large yellow cask on his feet, so that he comes back and rolls it again. They bang their hands when the bell-ringer rings his uncharming



THE HEARTLESS SOUBRETTE.

FIRST ACTOR.—You don't find it easy to get anything to do?

SECOND ACTOR.—No, indeed! Far from easy!

THE SOUBRETTE.—But perhaps that's because you insist on acting!



COULD N'T SAY.

SHE.—So you asked Papa for my hand by telephone? What did he say?

HE.—Well, I don't know whether he said something or whether lightning struck the transmitter.

bells, and they can not be quieted when the outcast in the impossible uniform demonstrates his inability to play anything on a bargain counter full of musical instruments and kitchen hardware. When the thin orphan sings in a thin voice about Mother, in a snowstorm in front of the old church, where she proposes to sink and perish in the drifts, the Handbangers cause her to postpone her meritorious design six times, and finally to forget all about it; and when the fat soprano comes out carrying a red rose, they bang their hands into fringes.

The Handbanger is nothing new. The Puritans did not close the theatres on account of their virtues. We know this because the Puritans had no virtues. The idea was to close the theatres until the custom of applauding the wrong thing was forgotten. The idea was good, but people did not appreciate how long it takes to forget an inherited tendency. The result was that the reformers forgot what they shut the theatres for before the Handbangers forgot their instinct, and when the theatres were again opened (in 1658 with "East Lynne," or "The Christian," I forget which) the Handbangers came in refreshed and banged their hands through the entire performance. Such is reform without the direction of science.

OUT OF THE HURLY BURLY.

We'd be more contented, perhaps,
Know less of Defeat's painful throbs,
If we would quit looking for snaps,
And stick to our regular jobs.



HIS SURMISE.

SHE.—Is there a sequel to that novel?

HE.—There must be; it ends in a wedding between affinities!

A REINCARNATION TALE.

"**T**is a glorious idea," mused the alchemist. "The transmutation of the baser metals into gold! What boundless wealth, what vast power would be mine! Well worth the sacrifice of a few years!"

Whereupon he started in and gave thirty-five years labor to it, after which he passed away, regretting that life was a trifle short.

He reappeared on earth in the following century; but, as he had no recollection of his previous existence as an alchemist, he did not resume his work on the transmutation of metals. Having the same sort of intellect, however, he devoted his energy to a similar problem. He tackled the question of the elixir of life. After putting in forty years hard work on it he again passed away, a little disappointed, to be sure, but thoroughly convinced that nothing but the shortness of life stood in the way of his living forever.

The next time he appeared on earth he spent his time working at a perpetual motion machine. He was in great hopes when an explosion in his laboratory carried him off at the age of seventy-five.

He is said to be on the planet to-day; and, being essentially the same sort of person, he is looking around for some interesting problem to occupy his attention for the next thirty or forty years. He has not yet decided whether to regulate Trusts or stop the sale of liquor on Sunday. Either problem will do.

Wm. E. McKenna.



A FORTUNATE BOY.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY.—Hully Gee! Look at T'ree-
twenty-one runnin' ter beat de autos! Wot 's up?

SECOND MESSENGER BOY.—Why, de lucky guy has got
a message fer de captain uv de Giants, an' he 'll git dere
before de second innin', sure!



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A DOUBLE SURRENDER. A SERIES of biograph views of manners, customs and functions in the Philippines five years after those islands were "scuttled" by the United States would sadden the rest of us and astound E. Atkinson, G. Hoar, H. Watterson and others. We believe such views will never be taken. The flag will "stay put." Our army has been fighting for peace long enough and hard enough to get it. The art of war, it is true, is not a gentle art. It lacks those little suavities that distinguish the function of five o'clock tea. There is strong doubt among thinkers as to the feasibility of shooting insurrectionists with any sort of carefulness except carefulness of aim. Some of the severities incident to the general process appear to have been unnecessary. Others appear to have been unproved. A measure of both kinds was to be expected. But this can not affect the main proposition: that the Filipinos both in the United States and in the Philippines will eventually be forced to surrender. The charges of torture, retaliation and inhumanity made against the army, barring those for which punishment may be administered, will have to be accounted as one of the inseparable accompaniments of a bad but necessary business. Our soldiers are not merciless monsters; and they will win the Philippines for peace and civilization.

REFINING THE HOG. FROM WASHINGTON comes word that the higher education of the American hog is to be undertaken. An optimist in the Department of Agriculture believes that this useful animal has hitherto been the victim of circumstances and environment. From the fact that its body was of old a favorite place in which to confine the spirits of exorcised devils a prejudice arose and the hog was consigned to unsanitary surroundings and encouraged to be something less than dainty in its choice of food. These practices are now to be corrected by an expert who believes that the hog can be taught to make something more than a hog of himself. The new hog will be led to eschew its mud-wallow for a shower bath; to be fastidious in its eating; to cultivate a pink skin and "shiny, well-kept bristles." A few generations of this higher living, it appears, will evolve a trim, well-groomed, manicured, chastened animal whom it will be a pleasure to know not less in life than in that final estate in which we have heretofore considered it most engaging. We shall eagerly await the Department's bulletins on this subject. To produce a hog that shall be neat in person, as ornamental as it is useful, will be an achievement indeed worthy of the times in which we live.

PRESBYTERIAN REVISION. A FEW YEARS ago the Presbyterian Church cast Dr. Briggs into outer darkness as a heretic. The Presbyterian General Assembly now announces, with but two dissenting voices, that certain eternal truths are substantially what Dr. Briggs was expelled for declaring them to be. In other words, these learned and godly men now confess themselves to be as "heretical" as was Dr. Briggs. As to the merits of the "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith," adopted

by the General Assembly, the mere secular mind is without authority to speak. We have suspicions in the matter, but we do not know positively, for example, whether the souls of reprobate infants suffer eternal tortures, as the old creed averred, or whether they are all to be saved, as the revision has it. We can not say with certainty, either, whether or not "By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained unto everlasting death." The old creed put it that way, and the purely human view that God could easily find a more creditable way to manifest His glory is without any official weight. The alternative passage in the new creed may very possibly state the real truth, particularly as we are unable to see that it states definitely anything at all. In like manner we do not know if good works done by unregenerate men "are sinful and can not please God," another point on which the revisionists take issue with Calvin and John Knox. Nor can we say if the Pope of Rome be a "man of sin and son of perdition," our suspicion that he is n't anything of the sort being entirely secular and fallible. But there is a truth that we do get out of it all. Our purely secular mind may be said to grapple it with what wrestlers term the "strangle-hold." And this is that what is rank heresy when only one man believes it becomes flawless orthodoxy when as many as a hundred men believe it; that the orthodoxy of to-day is the unaltered heresy of yesterday; and that orthodoxy and heresy are somewhat meaningless terms, appealing not in vain to that sense of humor which, as children of God, we must believe our Creator to share with us. "What fools these mortals be!"

THE SITUATION.

If Tammany 's bossed by Three
The question will simply be:
Will Two boss One or will One boss Two
Or will Somebody Else—you might guess Who—
Will Somebody Else boss Three?

THE FOOL and his money soon part. In other words, the date of the Coronation is now near at hand.

WITH THE present prices of provisions, there is at last some sense in a girl who looks nice enough to eat being therefore esteemed worth her weight in gold.

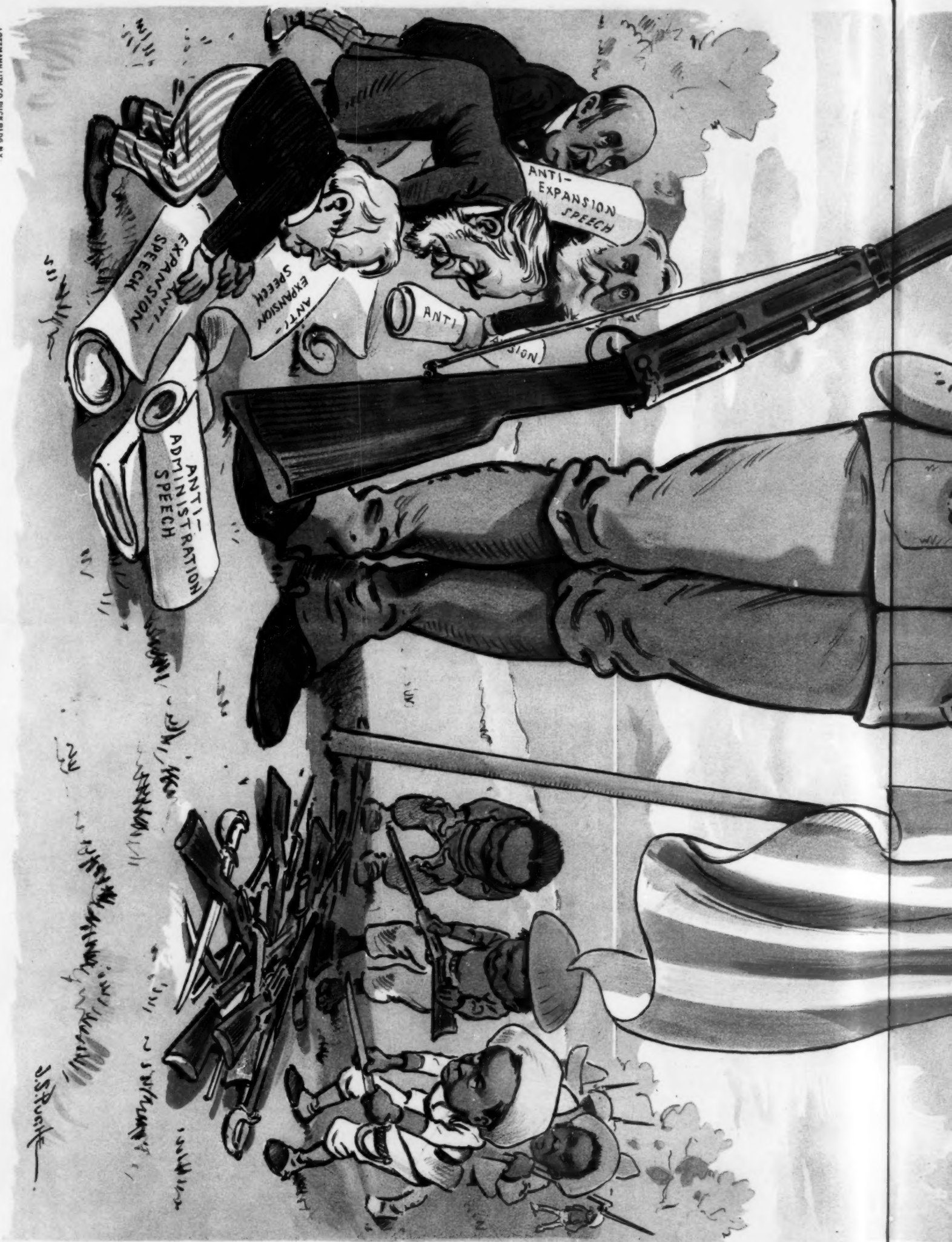


PERFECTLY WILLING.

JERROLD.—Going to the shore, eh? Well, if you see Dolly Litedd there just say a good word for me, will you?

HAROLD.—Certainly, old chap—I'll act as your press agent!

Ping-pong shows that there are, after all, healthful uses for even a fashionable dining-room table.



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THE FLAG MUST "STAY PUT."

THE AMERICAN FILIPINOS AND THE NATIVE FILIPINOS WILL HAVE TO SUBMIT.

PUCK





ANOTHER CRIME.

STRUCKOYLE (*showing his art collection*).—Ain't that bull-fight picture a beaut? I paid an artist two thousand dollars to paint that for me, to order.

CUTTING.—Well! Well! It 's surprising what some men will do for money, is n't it?

OFF DUTY.

COME, shake off the shackles of routine,
Say good-by unto thrift for a while;
Bid the voice of Discretion be mute e'en
When you're basking in luxury's smile.

And give not a thought to the future,
The present has interest enough;
When eating of Pleasure's sweet fruit your
Best game is to play out the bluff.

So put on the mask of gay fancy,
And borrow the garb of Pierrot;
By the unbusy time's necromancy
You are "IT" for a while. Let'er go!

Of course, you may later regret it—
This, doubtless, has happened before;
And, though it will leave you in debt, it
Is worth all it cost you, and more.

For these are the days of vacation,
All free from quip, quibble and quirk;
Just now you are free from dictation,
But next week you go back to work.

Wood Levette Wilson.



GETTING HIS SPEED.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, my husband says he has n't been able to catch that 8:10 train for a week.

COOK.—Tell him not to worry, Mum! He'll soon run himself into condition!

SURE ENOUGH!

"Shucks, now!" ejaculated old 'Squire Peavy, a somewhat mossgrown but eminently astute Arkansas Justice of the Peace, interrupting the testimony of the soggy-looking plaintiff in a suit for divorce. "This yere court don't take no stock in yo're statement that yo're wife whipped you reg'larly! Why,—gol-ram it!—you weigh along towards two hundred pounds, and if yo're wife tips the beam at more 'n a hundred and ten this yere court don't know itself!"

"That 's all right, 'Squire!" returned the petitioner, doggedly. "Can't a wildcat whip forty times its own weight in sheep?"

AN INTUITION.

SHE.—There are times when I question the reality of your friendship for me.

HE.—How can you say that?

SHE.—But I do. I sometimes feel as if you were having a struggle with yourself not to kiss me.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

Once upon a time an automobilist ran down a golfer.

"Hoot, mon!" said the latter, with asperity.

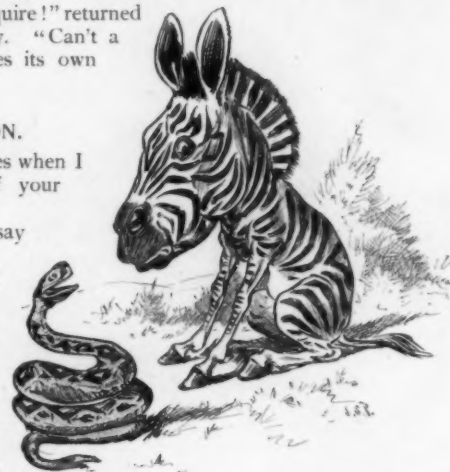
"What, and let people know I'm coming?" sneered the former, disdainfully.

A SWEEPING DENUNCIATION.

"Ma, I don't like any weather at all!"

"Oh! Don't say that, Jimmy."

"Yes, I will, Ma! In Winter it 's too cold to have fun; an' in Summer it 's too hot."



MANY STARS IN SIGHT.

THE BOA.—Dear me! What a lovely animated American flag you'd make if you only had a few stars to go with those striking stripes, but I fail to see a single one!

THE ZEBRA (*holly*).—You do, eh? Well, if you don't quit your kidding, I'll make you see a whole solar system.

Don't worry about crossing a bridge until you come to it—not even if it 's the Brooklyn Bridge.



HIS MEASURE TAKEN.

AGGIE.—He told me I wuz de only gurl he ever loved.

KATIE.—Well, when a feller talks like dat, give him de goo-goo eyes reversed;—he's nuthin' but a born diplermat!

DECLINING FAITH.

"In my young days," said the Moro chief, bitterly, "everybody believed that a man who fell in battle had a passport to heaven."

"And is it not so now?"

"Evidently not. I have seen heretics skulking behind rocks and throwing away first-class chances of getting shot."

HIS REPUTATION INJURED.

JOSH.—Mean ter say Solon was one of the wisest men in Greece? I thought he was some durned fool.

HIRAM.—What made ye think so?

JOSH.—Well, I've noticed that they speak of the members of the Legislatur' as Albany Solons.

A POLITICAL POINTER—If You Don't Want a Thing Done, Appoint a Commission to Consider How to Do It.



NO DANGER.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—I suppose you think I'm the ugliest brute in the jungle.

THE MONKEY.—Well—er—

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—Oh! Don't be afraid to speak out! I'm thick-skinned!



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A DESIDERATUM.

"Age brings us wisdom," but we would Rejoice in very truth
If when it came we only could
Make wisdom bring us youth.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

MUST BE GOOD.

CUSTOMER.—Is this good soap?
DEALER.—Well, Mum, the man who writes the poetry about that soap gets ten thousand dollars a year.
CUSTOMER.—My sakes! Gimme a dozen bars.—New York Weekly.

EMPTY and full lamps look a good deal alike till the Bridegroom comes.
—Ram's Horn.

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NO AMOUNT of pruning ever made peaches grow on fence-posts.—Ram's Horn.

"THE man who does n't own a horse or a wife," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "has no business buying bonnets." —Yonkers Statesman.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
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A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and sunburn, and all affections of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cts. Avoid harmful imitations. Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

A COLLECTION that is an extraction can not be an offering.
—Ram's Horn.

ONE will always be safe in side-stepping the girl who tries to utilize the beauty hints she finds in the supplements of the Sunday newspapers.—Washington Post.



IT DEPENDS.

HE.—The caddy is sometimes in the way, don't you know.

SHE.—Oh, yes;—but sometimes one prefers to have him in the way.

Ask for Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters, when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's, the best for all seasons.

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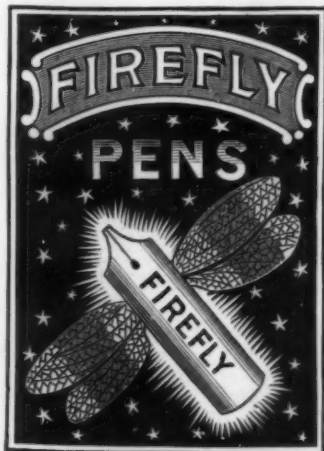
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THE eminent Boston professor who declares there can be no more languages invented has probably not heard of the Georgetown man with a hare lip who is teaching a parrot to talk.—*Washington Post.*

An old dinky, who said he had once seen the devil, being asked to describe him, said: "Well, suh, he wuz no blacker den what I is,—ef ez black!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

If a man and wife still speak after living together five years, they have made marriage a success.—*Atchison Globe.*

PRIDE and ignorance are the babes that help one another to get lost.—*Ram's Horn.*

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PATIENCE.—Did you hear about that dude fire company?

PATRICE.—No; what have they done?

PATIENCE.—Why, they won't have anything but silk hose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE Prince made such flying visits to the big cities that he did not have time to read the odes presented to him by the poets. They can work them over, however, into Fourth o' July tribulations.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FEW persons are as easily fooled by others as they are by themselves.—*Birmingham News.*

THE true martyr does not hire out to a museum.—*Ram's Horn.*

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DR. DOSEM (solemnly).—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.
—New York Weekly.



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is the best for hair and scalp. It cleanses thoroughly, gets out the dandruff, leaves the hair soft and bright as a piece of silk. Makes a quick, rich lather. Prevents baldness by keeping the scalp healthy.

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THE BOY.—Gosh! I can hold an umbrella, but I can't manage no flying machine!

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

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The *Boston Globe* has decided that "An infant in the cradle may be very rich and none the less innocent." This really ought to reconcile a great many infants to being born just as rich as possible.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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"Do you take any interest in music?" said the young woman?
"Of course, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have the profoundest appreciation of music. One tune from a brass band can, in most cases, get up more enthusiasm among a crowd of voters than half-a-dozen stump speeches."
—*Washington Star*.

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—*Washington Star*.

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"Those Eastern spelling bees demonstrate the fact that the girls spell better than the boys."

"It is a singular thing, is n't it, that the girls who attend the spelling bees are not the girls who run the typewriters?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

PATIENCE.—Has Polly stopped observing her birthdays?

PATRICE.—Oh, yes; she's passed a dozen without even noticing them.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

YOUNG girls talk about "that feeling of unrest," but only the mother of a cross baby really knows what it is.—*Atchison Globe*.

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—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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"He would n't go?"

"No. He did n't want to spend one night being jollied about the other six."

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MRS. BUFFERS.—The teller at that bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest—

MR. BUFFERS.—Great Scott! Wha—What is that? He says—

MRS. BUFFERS.—Well, he did n't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course.

MR. BUFFERS.—See here! What did the fellow say?

MRS. BUFFERS.—He asked me to indorse the check; and when I told him I had n't the ghost of an idea what he meant, he said he presumed I had n't had much experience getting checks cashed. So, there!—*New York Weekly*.

A WAR EPISODE.

"At last," wired the British general in South Africa, "we've got the Boers running!"

And after the Home Department examined the dispatch the cables burned under this cheering reply:

"Be brave, and try to increase your lead!"—*Baltimore News*.

UNANSWERED.

"Here's a problem for you. If it takes nine tailors to make a man—"

"The average fellow's only a ninth of a man, eh?"

"No; I was going to add: 'How many tailor-made gowns will it take to break him?'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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